

# VASSAR VERSE



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VASSAR VERSE  
A COLLECTION OF POEMS  
FROM THE PUBLICATIONS OF  
VASSAR COLLEGE. 1872-1893

EDITED BY

EDITH COLBY BANFIELD, '92. AND  
SARAH ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE, '92



CAMBRIDGE  
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## PREFACE

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THE favor that Vassar poems have won, as they have appeared in the college magazines, seems warrant for their publication in book form. The verses of this collection have been selected in the main from the Vassar Miscellany, from the time of its foundation to the present date. The exceptions are a few poems taken from the Vassarions of recent years. It is regretted that signatures could not be obtained for all of the poems. Very many of them were published anonymously, and it has not been possible to discover the writers in all cases.

The editors wish to express their appreciation of the interest that all have taken in their work, and their gratitude for the help that they have received from many friends.





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## VASSAR VERSE

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### I.

**H**ARK how the storm-king rages ;  
The winds are mournfully crying ;  
But over the trackless snow my soul  
To another land is flying,  
Where the poppies are waving, waving,  
And the roses hang down from above, —  
Away to the land of sunshine  
Where is waiting the one I love.

Through the twilight she comes to meet me,  
The fireflies round her glisten,  
The river sweeps on with its low sweet song,  
And the willows bend down to listen.  
About her hovers the incense  
Of the violets 'neath her feet ;  
Her dreamy eyes are lifted —  
Already our fingers meet.

Have I been sleeping — dreaming?  
Hark to the wild wind's crying.  
Away from this land of snow and storm,  
Would that I might be flying! —  
Oh, for the waving poppies  
And the roses that hang from above,  
Oh, for the land of sunshine  
And the sight of the one I love!

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*





## II.

## A RONDEL.



RAPT round in a cold white cloud  
The moon is dying to-night, alone.  
The stars have all of them thought-  
less flown ;  
Tenderly, slowly, is folded her shroud,  
With the softness with which the night is en-  
dow'd,  
And the wind is saddened into a moan.  
Wrapt round in a cold white cloud  
The moon is dying to-night, alone.  
In the presence of Death all nature is bow'd,  
The wave beats the shore in a dirge monotone,  
Black Night in slow grace is ascending her  
throne,  
The world is to mystery pledged and vow'd.  
Wrapt round in a cold white cloud  
The moon is dying to-night, alone.

*Maud Margaret Morris.*

## III.

## THE MARCH WIND BLOWS.



THE March wind blows along the  
shore,  
And shrieks and sleeps and wakes  
once more ;  
And gathers all its might to rise,  
And chase along the troubled skies  
The frightened clouds that fly before ;  
Then feigns its sudden wrath is o'er,  
And knocks half gently at the door ;  
And laughing mocks me as it flies ;  
The March wind blows.

I dream of you, dear Eleanore,  
The wee blush rosebud that you wore,  
Half faded now, before me lies,  
Sweet visions float across my eyes,  
While loud without with angry roar,  
The March wind blows.

## IV.

## SONG.



DEEP, deep,  
In their caves below,  
While the cold winds blow,  
The flowers sleep,  
Sleep.

There, there,  
Live the fairies who guard the flowers,  
And sing to them, sing thro' the cold dark  
hours,  
Until they dream of the sun that smiles  
Over the meadow for miles and miles ;  
But ever they sleep,  
Sleep.

Soft, soft,  
Whisper the fairies of waving trees  
That beckon the flowers with every breeze,  
Of birds that nest in the boughs and call,  
Call to their mates, till the flowers all  
Laugh as they sleep,  
Sleep.

## v.



H, the world is fair, for the sun is  
high,  
And the clouds have fled from the  
April sky,  
And the river leaps on its way, and sings,  
And draws new life from its mountain springs.  
The robin calls from the willow tree,  
“Do you hear? Do you see?”  
The world is fair and joy is free,  
Do you see?”

And what if the sun shall hide awhile  
In his mantle of clouds? He soon will smile,  
And gladden the river and wake the bird  
And stoop to the earth for a whispered word,  
While the robin sings in the willow tree, —  
“Do you hear? Do you see?”  
The world is fair and joy is free,  
Do you see?”

VI.

NESTING.



CHOOSING a place for nesting,  
 With just a bird's light care ;  
 On barren spine, or leafy branch,  
 What doth it matter where,  
 So twittering love be there ?

Choosing a place for nesting ;  
 Or hill or plain or hollow —  
 Or north or south, or east or west,  
 Ah ! little recks the swallow,  
 If but his true mate follow.

Choosing a place for nesting  
 This balmy witching weather ;  
 Be it in lofty fragrant pine,  
 Be it in lowly heather,  
 Ah ! little recks she whether.

## VII.

## PUSSY-WILLOWS.



PUSSY-WILLOWS, shyly peeping,  
Gaining courage, slyly creeping,  
From their little coats looked out  
To find what Nature was about.

Pussy-willows, getting bolder,  
Growing strong as they grew older,  
Threw their old black coats away,  
Showed soft fuzzy robes of gray.

Pussy-willows, nodding brightly  
As the breezes brushed them lightly,  
Played at hide-and-seek all day  
With the sunbeams, warm and gay.

Pussy-willows, cloudy hours,  
Revelled in the April showers,  
Listened to the robins' call,  
Watched the sunshine steal o'er all.

Pussy-willows, gold-dust laden,  
Caught the eye of passing maiden;  
Interrupted in their play,  
Gleefully were borne away.

*Edith Colby Banfield.*

VIII.

THE WATER-SPIRIT OF THE STORM.



HE Water-spirit of the Storm  
I could not help but dub her,  
As she passed by in mackintosh  
And little hood of rubber.

No tongs had formed the merry curls  
That danced upon her forehead.  
She battled gaily with the winds,  
And in the storm she gloried.

The raindrops fell upon her face  
As on an upturned flower.  
Her eyes were like two violets,  
Caught in an April shower.

But ah ! another joined her steps,  
And all my visions faded,  
For who could fancy water-sprites  
By silk umbrellas shaded ?

Yes, I was vexed, for I, you see,  
Was just about to tell her  
How very happy I should be,  
If she 'd share *my* umbrella !

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## IX.

## MAY-DAY GREETING.



WITHIN my door stands blithesome  
 Spring  
 On May-day morning.  
 What gentle greeting doth she bring  
 On May-day morning?  
 "Come deck your heart with mirth and glee,  
 Come fetter care and trip with me  
 On May-day morning.

"I do not bid you far a-field  
 For May-day morning,  
 Where meadows pied their cowslips yield  
 For May-day morning,  
 Where rippling brooklets gaily run  
 And lambkins gambol 'neath the sun  
 For May-day morning.

"A sheltered garden I will show  
 This May-day morning,  
 A spot where blooming maidens grow  
 This May-day morning,



Where rippling laughter gaily runs  
And bright eyes dance like spring-tide suns  
This May-day morning."

Full blithely will I heed your hest,  
Sweet May-day morning.  
Of all life's spring songs yours is best,  
Sweet May-day morning.  
For fresher, fairer, sweeter far  
Than all your blossoms maidens are,  
Sweet May-day morning.

*Lillian La Monte.*



## X.



MERRY, blue-eyed laddie goes  
laughing through the town,  
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a  
gay, gay place!"  
And every little lassie smoothes her tumbled  
locks a-down,  
And brings out all her dimples and hides away  
her frown,  
And lays aside her broom and mop, the  
bonnie boy to chase,  
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay  
place!"

But away the blue-eyed laddie goes to seek  
another town,  
Singing, "Hey, but the world is a gay, gay  
place!"  
Then every dimple vanishes and back comes  
every frown,  
And every little lassie folds away her Sunday  
gown,  
With teardrops trickling sadly down her  
woeful little face,  
Sighing, "Hey, but the world is a sad, sad  
place!"

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## XI.

## TO AN ORIOLE.



PEEK-A-BOO, peek-a-boo, here, here,"  
Tempting, teasing me to play,  
Sing you in the orchard near.

Summons could not be more clear ;  
Unmistakably you say  
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Full of mischief, free from fear,  
In a tantalizing way  
Sing you in the orchard near.

Now one moment you appear,  
Just a flash of orange gay, —  
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Firm resisting, I with cheer  
Ply my busy task all day ;  
Sing you in the orchard near.

Gladness pouring in my ear,  
Through this sunny month of May,  
" Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here,"  
Sing you in the orchard near.

*Eliza Polhemus Cobb.*

## XII.

ROSALIE.



VER the fields where the soft wind  
blows,  
Sweetest of flowers, Rosalie goes,  
Ever bending, so daintily slight,  
To gather the daisies golden and white.  
Careless and happy she passes by  
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

The grasses cling to her trailing gown : —  
“ Rosalie, Rosalie dear, stoop down.  
So long we have waited ! Ah, sweet, be kind,  
Go not away, leaving us behind.”  
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by  
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Whispers the clover down at her feet,  
“ The daisy has not our fragrance sweet,  
See how boldly she holds her head !  
Gather us, Rosalie dear, instead.”  
But Rosalie, careless, passes them by,  
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Rosalie's lover kneels in the grass.

"Rosalie, dearest, do not pass

Leaving my heart to wither alone,

Stoop and gather it, love, for thine own."

But Rosalie laughs and passes him by,

Bearing her daisy sheaf.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XIII.

## NIGHT-SONG.



WILL sing thee a song, my heart so  
dear;  
Sing thee a song that none other  
can hear,  
As we walk alone in the night.  
When all the turmoil of day is stilled,  
When the cups of the lilies with dew are filled  
As they dream in the pale moonlight.  
A song which the sighing night winds know,  
As they rise and fall in cadence low,  
Breathing a thought for words too deep.  
Ah, wonderful music and wonderful song!  
Which trembled in ecstasy all the night long  
Till my heart and I fell asleep.

*Lola Lammot Iddings.*

## XIV.

## EBB TIDE.



INCE now the tide is out,  
Though sunset plumes the sky with  
rosy cloud,  
Upon the bar the running breakers  
crowd

No more in merry rout,  
Along the beach are pools with opal glow,  
And sands that rival pearl-lined ocean shell :  
From out her silent heavens Peace bends low,  
And whispers, " All is well ;  
The tide is out."

Left by the ebbing tide  
My stranded boat lies high upon the sands ;  
There is no strength within my weary hands  
To drag it o'er this wide,  
Smooth beach, nor in my heart aught of desire  
To battle with the waves. We do not feel  
How of vain rowing eager arms can tire,  
Until alone beside our boat we kneel,  
Left by the ebbing tide.

*Grace Emeline Palmer.*

## XV.

## NOON IN AUGUST.



LONE, among the hills, in full content I lie ;  
The yellow sunshine warmly wraps the languid earth ;  
Near me, a hidden brook flows gently purling by ;  
The daisies with each breath nod on their slender stems.

Amid the stern, dark oaks gleam out some willow trees,  
Which seem as fair and soft as face of little child.  
They bow and courtesy to each gently passing breeze,  
Just as dear children in their pretty fancies play.

Noon steals o'er all the land — steals ling'ring slowly by ;  
She stoops to hush the brook's low purl — fainter it sounds.



The drowsy hum of vagrant bees, as past they  
fly,  
Seems like a low-voiced lullaby to baby  
flowers.



## XVI.

## SOLITUDE.



DEEP, dark pool with no outlet,  
Around it cedars, sombre, tall,  
Upon it weeds, a tangled net,  
The dim, white moonlight over all.

An old canoe, a broken oar,  
Decaying there upon the sands ;  
Oh, who would live on this drear shore,  
And not away to other lands !



## XVII.

## IN THE PINES.



HERE were three of us — Cupid  
went with us, you know,  
Dear blindfolded boy, who is never  
*de trop*,

And the words left unsaid the soft winds whis-  
pered low,

In the pines.

A small gift she gave me — though blind, it is  
true,

From the way that he laughed I am sure  
Cupid knew,

And the asters and golden rod, they saw it too,  
And the pines.

Then the shadows grew dark in the wood's  
tangled growth,

And homeward we turned in the twilight, half  
loath,

And Love walked between with an arm around  
both,

Through the pines.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## XVIII.

## IN A WHEAT-FIELD.



LEAMING and golden the bright  
day is ending,  
Never again comes a moment like  
this ;

See how the wheat in its beauty is bending  
Under the breezes' ethereal kiss !

Seed-time is past, Love, and soon will the  
reaping

All this gay beauty and gladness annul ;  
Soon will its glory forever go sweeping  
On to utility joyless and dull.

Look in my eyes, my Own, brimming with  
laughter —

Thou art the summer wind, I am the wheat.  
Dull days are left behind, dull days come after,  
This moment lies between, magical, sweet.

*Mary Louise Boynton.*

## XIX.

## A LATE OCTOBER DAY.



LATE October day, the meadows  
brown,  
Grave memories alone of summer  
tinge,  
The birches, with their dead leaves rustling  
down,  
But round the autumn brooks a silver fringe.

Afar the gray clouds met the silent land,  
Their soft caresses veiled the farthest hill,  
A quiet hush, as if a blessing hand,  
Extended o'er the whole, bade earth—be  
still.

A silence, not of want but weight of thought,  
A quiet, but the quietude of power,  
A sense that one would find, if one but sought,  
The truth decisive in the truth's good hour.

Along the west alone a rim of gold,  
But, though all colorless, I yet could see  
A picture, in the autumn's frame of cold,  
Of brightness past, completion yet to be.

## XX.

## THE LITTLE LAKE.



NESTLED up close to the hill's brown  
breast,  
By bending willow and larch ca-  
ressed,  
Where down from the rocks the cool spring  
leaps,  
A tiny lake ever laughs and sleeps.

The river comes hurrying, rushing down,  
"Wondrous sights have we seen in the town ;  
Through gloomy forests we've softly crept,  
While you, little lake, have but laughed and  
slept."

The fleet stag pauses in proud disdain,  
"I have beaten the storm-wind over the plain ;  
On the highest crag I have proudly stepped,  
While you, little lake, have but laughed and  
slept."

A traveller bends o'er the waters clear,  
"How narrow and small your existence here ;

I have lived and loved, I have feared and wept,  
While you, little lake, have but laughed and  
slept."

But the little lake answers, "A far-off gain  
You are ever seeking but never attain;  
In hurry and toil your life is spent,  
But I love my hills and I know content."

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XXI.

## THE FIRST SNOWSTORM.

A CHILD'S POEM.



LITTLE Miss Snowflake, dressed in  
white,  
Came down the dusty road one night.  
Her dress was as white as a piece of  
chalk,  
And she pranced around, but did not walk ;  
For she was going to a ball that night,  
And that was the reason she dressed in white.  
There were fifty thousand, and many more, too,  
And they looked like the children that lived in  
the shoe.  
They had for music, that happy night,  
A little brook, that sang about flight ;  
They had for chorus the rustling of leaves,  
That came from the tops of the tallest trees.

*Emily Eugenia Morris.*



XXII.



THOUSAND times the wintry sun  
Has bowed his radiant head ;  
A thousand times the pale white  
snow

Has blushed a rosy red ;  
A thousand times it seems to you,  
But then to me it is so new,  
With sweet surprise my heart doth glow  
And blushes with the sun-kissed snow.

Through crystal branches of the wood  
There shines the round-eyed moon ;  
The brook between stern banks of ice  
Gives forth a merry tune.

'T was thus, you say, in days of yore ;  
But I 've not heard the song before,  
To me 't is something new to hear  
A summer song in winter drear.

*Lola Lammot Iddings.*

## XXIII.

## A VALENTINE.



IS a song of a snowflake cold and  
white,  
Which came to earth on a winter's  
night,  
And lay serene in the calm moonlight —  
By the window of a lady.

'T is a song of a sunbeam bright and gay,  
Which pierced the cloud of a winter's day,  
To melt the snowflake where it lay  
Before the eyes of the lady.

A song of a heart like the snowflake cold,  
That longed in vain for a sunbeam bold  
To pierce the crust and pour its gold  
Into the life of the lady.

And then, there 's a song which is sweet and  
true,  
Of some one fair, with eyes of blue,  
Who came one day and did gently woo  
To warmth the heart of the lady.

*Mabel Cornish.*

XXIV.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.



PRINCESS sleeps in a castle strong,  
Of wondrous beauty, told of in song  
And fabled abroad in story.  
On winter evenings oft will they tell  
How she must sleep there, bound by a spell,  
Till there come a knight of glory.

Nobles boasting that none but they  
Could drive the spell of the sleep away,  
To the castles have come in numbers.  
Many a knight from a far-off land  
Has kissed full gently that cold, white hand,  
But ever the princess slumbers.

"She will never wake," they cry; "She is  
dead!  
Carved from stone is that beautiful head,  
The spirit of sleep to semble."  
But I know better, for watching, I  
Have heard from those half-closed lips a sigh,  
I have seen her eyelid tremble.

Never for me will those wondrous eyes  
Be raised with a look full of glad surprise,  
Or those hands held out, in waking.  
I guard her couch ; I should never dare  
To touch one lock of her soft, dark hair,  
To keep my heart from breaking.

Sleep on, my princess ! I 'll guard thee as long  
As knights and princes around thee throng,  
With a heart that never winces.  
And when at last shall the true knight come,  
To lead thee away to his castled home,  
'T will be sweet to die, my princess.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



XXV.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.



THOU art so like a flower,  
So sweet and pure and fair,  
I gaze on thee and a sadness  
Steals into my heart unaware.  
It seems as if over thy dear head  
I must clasp my hands, and in prayer  
Ask God forever to keep thee  
So sweet and pure and fair.

*L. Minna Ferrell.*



## XXVI.

## THE STORY.



EARS ago, I loved a lassie,  
Was as dear as life to me.  
She was carried by a dragon  
To his palace o'er the sea.  
And the sun went out forever,  
And the stars died in the strife,  
All the earth grew blank and dreary,  
She was gone who seemed my life !  
So I went down to the seacoast,  
Years and years I waited there ;  
Till one bright, sunshiny morning,  
Chanced to meet a mermaid fair.  
“ O young mermaid, golden-tressèd !  
I 've a boon to ask of thee :  
Make me but that bird out yonder  
Flying eastward o'er the sea.”  
And the maid forgot her combing,  
Let her hair fall to her knee ;  
“ Thou shalt have the boon thou askest  
If thou 'lt give thy soul to me.”  
“ Gladly, gladly, young sea-maiden,  
Soul and body take in pay ;

Give me but that bird's white pinions  
Quickly, quickly, no delay."  
In an instant I was sailing  
On white wings across the main,  
All my bird's heart beating, dancing,  
To see her, my love, again.  
And I found her ! found her happy,  
For the dragon proved a knight ;  
So I died on her dear bosom,  
And she kissed my pinions white.



## XXVII.

## "IN LIGHTER VEIN."



N lighter vein — blue eyes and rosy  
lips,  
Gay songs and dances, jests and  
merry quips;  
No thought of the great mysteries of Pain  
And Life and Death, but just a clear refrain  
That in 'twixt thoughts of love and laughter  
slips,  
Light as the foam that from the oar-blade  
drips —  
Such is the measure of our careless strain,  
In lighter vein.

Safe into port come all our wandering ships  
From those dim lands o'er which the horizon  
dips;  
Our Fancy's castles prove not all in Spain;  
Oh, life is fair and every path is plain,  
If we but woo the muse who ever trips  
In lighter vein.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*



## XXVIII.

## OF COURSE.



MERRY shepherd lad was Jock,  
Of course.

All day he watched his father's flock,  
Of course.

He never had learned to write or spell,  
But he loved his bonnie lassie well,  
And she his love did not repel,  
Of course.

Her hair was black as a raven's wing,  
Of course.  
And she like the clear-voiced lark could sing,  
Of course.

Her bright black eyes were never sad,  
Her face was all the wealth she had,  
And so she loved her shepherd lad,  
Of course!

A gallant guardsman came to town,  
Of course.  
He was worth full many a hundred poun',  
Of course.

She fell in love with this guardsman gay,  
So she jilted Jock and she ran away.  
He married somebody else, they say.

Of course !

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XXIX.

## VASSAR — COLLEGE.



N institution once there was,  
Of learning and of knowledge,  
Which had upon its high brick front  
A "Vassar Female College."

The maidens fair could not enjoy  
Their bread and milk or porridge,  
For graven on their forks and spoons  
Was "Vassar Female College."  
Tra la la la, tra la, la, la,  
'T was Vassar Female College.

A strong east wind at last came by,  
A wind that blew from Norwich ;  
It tore the "Female" from the sign  
That was upon the College.  
And as the Faculty progressed  
In wisdom and in knowledge,  
They took the "Female" off the spoons  
As well as off the College.  
Tra la la la, tra la, la, la,  
It now is Vassar College.

*Amy Louise Reed.*

## XXX.

## TO A LITTLE EDITOR.



TIRED little editor  
Came wearily to me,  
Her face was full of trouble,  
Her eyes drooped mournfully.

With piteous tears she begged me  
To set to work and write  
A — something — for her paper,  
Something not too deep nor light.

Perhaps a few brief personals,  
To tell the different ways  
That the most distinguished Seniors  
Had spent the holidays.

A little editorial  
All full of sayings bright,  
A review upon a novel  
That she was going to write.

The poor, dear little editor!  
She looked so sad that I

Could n't bear to disappoint her,  
So I rashly said I'd try.

I sharpened well my pencil,  
A brand new pad I bought,  
I put "engaged" upon my door,  
And sat me down and thought.

Alas! I found that writing  
Was not within my sphere;  
For though I sat for hours,  
I had n't an idea.

You tired little editor!  
I'm sorry to refuse,  
But I sadly fear in writing  
I'm of very little use.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XXXI.

## NOTES ON A PSYCHOLOGY RECITATION.



'VE thought about it,  
And, ez for me,  
I ain't at all,  
Es fur 'z I see.

But them 't ain't  
Don't have no sight,  
So now I 'm in  
A pooty plight.

But what 's a plight  
But a gineral mix,  
And them 't ain't  
Ain't in that fix.

This 'ere impression  
Has gone quite deep;  
I sartinly ain't,  
Awake or asleep.

But how can them  
'At ain't, awake,

Or be asleep,  
For massy sake?

This 'ere discussion  
Don't lead nowhere;  
And ef it did  
Th'r' ain't nothin' there.  
*Annie Thompson Nettleton.*



## XXXII.

## VASSAR TO HARVARD.



OUR gay Lampoon, all life and fun,  
I place beside our Miscellany,  
And envy you each joke and pun —  
We 're far too brainy !

We write on politics, finance, —  
Ruled strictly out the smallest jibe is, —  
And quote remarks of Locke's and Kant's.  
We have no Ibis.

If once our Misc. a grind should print,  
Ah, woe betide the poor transgressor !  
While you can roast, without a stint,  
Each sage professor.

We dull and serious are, by fate,  
And leave to you the fun and folly.  
Yet underneath our air sedate,  
We 're just as jolly !

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XXXIII.

## A COMMON OCCURRENCE.



AID the maiden to her teacher,  
"I 'm hero in the play,  
And I 'd like to borrow from you  
My — your coat, sir, if I may."

Then the teacher sighed so softly,  
Thus at length he gently spoke :  
"I 'm a Christian man, O maiden, —  
You may also take my cloak."

*Alice Crawford Brown.*



## XXXIV.

## QUID PRO QUO.

## I.



IS a modest rhyme, to a proper air,  
 With sentiment not o'er-laden ;  
 And it aims to tell of the love affair  
 Of a youth and a Vassar maiden, —  
     To tell of  
     The love  
 Of a youth for a Vassar maid.  
 His heart beat high  
 But he feared to speak,  
 Lest she should not an helpmeet prove  
 Industrious and meek.  
 So he asked her plainly,  
 Ere he made his moan,  
 How much of the housewifely art  
 To her was known.  
 "Can you brew? Can you bake  
 Good bread and cake?  
 (Before my love I utter)  
 Can you sew a seam?  
 Can you churn the cream  
 To make the yellow butter?"

“ What use is refraction,  
 Chemical reaction,  
 Biologic protoplasm,  
 Psychologic microcosm ?  
 Would you make my weal,  
 You must cook the meal.  
 Maid divine, if so, be mine,  
 If not — farewell.”

II.

You at once perceive he did not believe  
 In “ higher education,”  
 And the maid replied, with natural pride,  
 And a lack of hesitation,  
     Replied  
     With pride,  
 To the youth who sadly sighed :  
 “ I was early taught,  
     Ere I took A. B.,  
 To brew and bake, to sew and cook,  
 Quite thriftily.  
 But ere I give my answer,  
 I from you must learn,  
 If this I do, pray what have you  
 To offer in return ?  
 Can you rent the room  
 Where I use the broom ?

Can you earn the household money?  
Can you chop the wood  
While I cook the food,  
And provide the milk and honey?

“What use is refraction,  
Chemical reaction,  
Biologic protoplasm,  
Psychologic microcosm?  
Would you make my weal,  
You must buy the meal.  
You shake your head. You I'll not wed,  
And so, — farewell.

*Amy Louise Reed.*



XXXV.

TO THE POINT.



OME, love, a word with you;  
My wandering heart at last is caught  
and caged.

I'm blunt, you see, but then the  
truth will out.

I love you — Let's hang out "Engaged."

*Florence Halliday.*



## XXXVI.



ET along, old Pegasus,  
I'm going on a flight;  
I have to write a valentine  
To go this very night.

It's going to be for Emeline,  
To tell her of my love;  
So get along, old Pegasus,  
Into the realms above.

Of course she knows I love her,  
But it has to be in rhyme;  
And that's the reason, Pegasus,  
I'm taking all this time.

A few remarks about her eyes,  
And one about her nose,  
Then something said about my heart,  
Such nonsense since she knows.

I put it down on paper, though,  
Because although she knows,  
I want to make it doubly sure  
She knows I know she knows.

*Katharine Van Dyke Harker.*

XXXVII.

THE DEAR UNATTAINABLE.



IS not that it is fairer, sweet,  
The rose that sways above you ;  
If *you* but grew just out of reach,  
Ah me, how I could love you !  
Yet if I did, your fancy straight  
Would turn from my pursuing,  
Some other man would win your heart  
Another maiden wooing.

*Mary Louise Boynton.*



## XXXVIII.

## CONFESSIO AMANTIS.



T. VALENTINE, wait,  
 Do wait till I read it!  
 It may be my fate :  
 St. Valentine, wait.

Of course I 'm sedate,  
 Too sedate, far, to heed it.  
 But, Valentine, wait,  
 Do wait till I read it !

Ah, love-words again !  
 I always resist them.  
 Threats, too ! But, then,  
 They 're love-words again,  
 Words from his pen.  
 Don't tell him I kissed them !  
 Ah, love-words again !  
 I always resist them.

If Jack did but know  
 How he makes my heart flutter !  
 It 's fluttering so.  
 If Jack did but know



My foolish thoughts — Oh,  
But they 're too rash to utter !  
If Jack did but know  
How he makes my heart flutter !

But Jack must not guess  
I relent to my lover.  
Hush, Valentine ! — Yes,  
But Jack must not guess :  
I should blush to confess,  
And my heart to discover.  
No, Jack must not guess  
I relent to my lover !

*Jeannie Clara Drake.*



## XXXIX.

## A SONG OF DEGREES.



HERE 's a maiden wondrous wise,  
Woe is Me !  
And she never heeds my sighs,  
Woe is Me !

For she soars and she aspires,  
And of learning never tires,  
But of Me.

And she longeth for degrees,  
Pity Me !

A. B.'s, A. M.'s, Ph. D.'s,  
Pity Me !

For ambition she will live,  
Titles that the world can give,  
Not for Me.

But her folly she would rue,  
Even She !

If this simple truth she knew,  
Even She !

Love all titles can bestow,  
And Love's power she soon shall know,  
Only She !

"Loved Heart's Darling," thus I spell

L. H. D.

"Light of Life, Dear," thus I tell

LL. D.

And with pious zeal I vow

"Dear Delight" is written now

Just D. D.

"My Pet" shines on civic page,

M. P.

"My Gem" glows in war's red rage

M. G.

On each doctor's sign I read

"My Dear," plain as any creed,

M. D.

L'ENVOY.

O MAIDEN! close awhile thy book;  
Behold the titles Love gives Thee;

On Love and on Love's pleading look,  
Then grant, I pray Thee, Love his fee.

*Lillian La Monte.*

## XL.



RE those brown eyes quite in earnest,  
As I pass,  
And they flash me a sweet message,  
Little lass?

Can I trust the depth of feeling  
That I see,  
When your glance with cruel fleetness  
Falls on me?

Then, your smile so gay and saucy,  
Does it hide  
The quick tremor of your sweet lips?  
Is it pride?

If I cast my heart, fair maiden,  
At your feet,  
Will you still look as untroubled,  
As discreet?

## XLI.



LITTLE maid, I 've lost my heart,  
Canst tell me aught about it?  
I lost it in the path one day, —  
The path of life, a weary way, —  
And be the world or grave or gay,  
I 'm very sad without it.

Little maid, I 've found a heart,  
Canst tell me aught about it?  
I found it in the path one day, —  
The path of life, a merry way, —  
And now be skies or blue or gray,  
I could not live without it.

*Emelyn Battersby Hartridge.*



## XLII.



LITTLE Dan Cupid stole down on a  
sunbeam,  
To get of this old earth a peep.  
He was tired of play with toy hearts  
and blunt arrows,  
And his good mother Love was asleep.

Little Dan Cupid rode home on the moon-  
ray,  
And bore to his mother as trophies of  
might  
Two human hearts, pierced and bleeding,  
enfolded  
In a bit of the gray mist that shrouded the  
night.

“Ah, naughty Dan Cupid!” Love cried:  
her tears falling  
Were like the sweet dropping of soft April  
rain;  
“Knewest thou not that in all the wide heaven  
No healing is found for Love’s wounds or  
Love’s pain?”

The pitying All-Mother took to her bosom  
The poor beating things by Dan Cupid  
undone.

“At least, ye may bear it together,” she  
murmured,

And tenderly kissed the two souls into one.

*Amy Louise Reed.*



## XLIII.

## A HUMBLE ROMANCE.



HER ways were rather frightened, and  
she was n't much to see,  
She was n't good at small talk or  
quick at repartee ;  
Her gown was somewhat lacking in the  
proper cut and tone,  
And it was n't difficult to see she 'd made it all  
alone.  
So the gay young men whose notice would  
have filled her with delight  
Paid very small attention to the little girl in  
white.

He could n't talk the theatre, for he had n't  
time to go,  
And, though he knew that hay was high, and  
butter rather low,  
He could n't say the airy things that other men  
rehearse,  
While his waltzing was so rusty that he did n't  
dare reverse.



The beauties whom he sighed for were most  
frigidly polite,  
So perforce he came and sat beside the little  
girl in white.

She soon forgot her envy of the glittering *beau  
monde*,  
For their common love of horses proved a  
sympathetic bond.  
She told him all about the farm, and how she  
came to town,  
And showed the honest little heart beneath the  
home-made gown.  
A humble tale, you say — and yet he blesses  
now the night  
When first he came and sat beside the little  
girl in white.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XLIV.

## HIS VALENTINE.



HE sat and tore his curly hair  
By many a midnight taper,  
And ruined countless dainty sheets  
Of most expensive paper.

The reason, this : he wished to send  
(If rhymes he could discover)

The very sweetest valentine,  
Their most ambitious lover.

But all in vain. A winsome face  
Seemed peeping o'er his shoulder  
To stop his pen and steal his wits,  
And yet how could he scold her?

His similes were dull and flat,  
His rhymes grew worse each minute,  
Her voice to him was all that had  
A bit of music in it.

And when the dear old Saint's Day came,  
Instead of missive scented,  
A bit of pasteboard at the door  
Was all that he presented.

But holding fast her hand in his  
And bending low above her,  
He boldly said, " I love you, sweet ! " —  
This most courageous lover.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*

## XLV.

## THE TALE OF A PEGASUS

WITH A MORAL.



HAD a Pegasus, not great indeed,  
 Nor swift of foot, nor highly pedi-  
     greed,  
 And yet a merry, willing little beast,  
 And ne'er was carnival or fête or feast  
 But I did ride him forth and gently spurred  
 Him on to dance and caper till some word  
 Of kindly, careless praise about his gait,  
 His coat, his spirit, made my heart elate.  
 Poor little fellow! In my foolish pride  
 Morning and noon and night I used to ride  
 Until I wore him out; he soon grew thin,  
 And every foot went lame. His sides fell in,  
 His ribs stood out, and when he tried to prance,  
 Half-hidden laughter greeted him, or glance  
 Of scornful pity, — though he did his best.  
 At last I had to own he needed rest;  
 So I have turned him out, and left him free  
 To end his days in peace. — But as for me,  
 To serenade my love with song and lute,  
 Saddened and humbled, I must go on foot.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## XLVI.

## LOVE'S PRESCRIPTION.



HE was a merry little witch,  
Of family most patrician,  
The belle of all the watering-place :  
I was a young physician.

'T was chance that brought me to her side  
That day ! — I 'll ne'er forget it.  
A slip, a tiny ankle sprained,  
And I called in to set it.

I very soon forgot to wear  
My doctor's mien imperious.  
I called upon her thrice a day,  
(For sprains are *often* serious).

Her merry eyes had made a wound  
In my poor heart to rankle,  
And so I still kept up my calls —  
To ask about the ankle.

She owned one day she felt so strange,  
Could I prescribe a tonic ?

She did not sleep, was oft depressed.

Oh, was it something chronic ?

She was n't like herself at all.

What made her feel so altered ? —

“ Perhaps a doctor's *constant* care ? ” —

But here I blushed and faltered.

Then growing bolder, “ Love,” I cried,

“ Can cure all youth's disorders.

She shyly said, “ I put myself

Beneath my doctor's orders.”

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*



## XLVII.

## BESS'S CHRISTMAS.



N Christmas morning, little Bess  
Awoke so bright and early,  
A Christmas fairy must have slept  
Beside her head so curly.

Her gleeful laughter bubbled out,  
And in we all came flocking,  
And found her hugging blissfully  
A huge, misshapen stocking.

"Oh, look!" she cried, "Oh, mamma, look!  
I'm sure that Santa spied it,  
For see, it's grown as big as me  
And *Christmas* is inside it."

At last 'mid all her wealth outspread,  
She sat and gazed around her.  
We mutely waited what she'd say  
When she had ceased to ponder.

She glanced about with look content,  
Then said with air decided,  
And most emphatic nod of head,  
"Well now I *am* purvided."

*Winifred Arnold.*

## XLVIII.

## A DIFFERENCE.



IN the sleigh there was only just  
room for us two.

There was nobody else to forbid  
it —

The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my  
heart —

And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed;  
the white snow

Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.

Well, — I spoke — and she gave me the mitten  
point-blank!

That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know;

You can't know unless you have tried it.

What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten  
— that's true —

But her dear little hand was inside it!

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## XLIX.

## RONDEAU.



MODERN girl, we know you well,  
In Life and Puck you always dwell;  
A dainty form, a piquant face,  
A tiny foot, a cloud of lace,  
In short, a charming personnel.  
On every heart you cast a spell,  
Poor foolish hearts, they cannot tell,  
You lead them but an idle chase,  
O modern girl.  
And yet (I 've heard such things befell) —  
Sometimes the coldest demoiselle  
Will look to find in its old place  
Her heart, and meet but empty space.  
At such bold theft does she rebel,  
O modern girl?

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*



L.

## AN EXPLANATION.



YOU ask why I knelt at her feet last  
night,  
In a shadowy nook of the dim  
lighted hall,  
And why for so long in that attitude bowed?  
'T was to fasten the tie of her slipper, — that's  
all.

And why should I blush when you question  
me now?  
Don't you think you could guess, if you really  
tried?  
For why should I blush, unless it's because  
'T was a love-knot that last night I tied?

*L. Minna Ferrell.*

## LI.

## MY HOUNDS.



HEN 'neath my window's bars my  
good hounds growl,  
And through the darkness frantic  
rushes make

At unseen foes, until the echoes wake  
And lift their voices up in answering howl;  
Then do I scorn the terrors of the dark,  
And laugh aloud, and cry out in delight,  
“ No danger need I tremble at to-night —  
My good hounds bark.”

But when no deep-toned baying breaks the  
hush,

When all the silent night, my ears I strain  
To hear their watchful muttering, in vain,  
And the ground quakes not with their sudden  
rush,

Then shadowy forms my chamber seem to fill,  
And stealthy footsteps on the stair I hear;  
My heart leaps, quivering with a nameless  
fear —

My hounds are still.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## LII.

## GREATNESS.



THOU foolish one, to tell thyself  
The universe hath need of thee ;  
How proudly dost thou bid thy walls  
To tumble down and set thee free !

Hast thou a scheme to mend the world ?  
'Mid longings for a wider sphere,  
And idle dreams of future use,  
Thou dost forget the Now and Here.

Behold the hills in lonely wilds  
That stand for centuries the same !  
They never break their silent calm  
With sudden bursts of smoke and flame.

But for the verdure of their slopes  
Their wooded tops against the sky,  
Where were the gentle sheep to feed ?  
Where were the sunset clouds to lie ?

An atom thou, 't is thine to do  
Resistlessly a humble part ;

Alone and free thou wouldst be lost,  
Thy place is only where thou art.

Then cease thy foolish, fretful strife,  
And think of what thy walls enclose.  
Be great in all thy little acts,  
Be great, if need be, in repose.

*Annie Thompson Nettleton.*



LIII.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.



LOUD shouted the wild mountain  
torrent,

Enchanting my soul in its flight,  
Still louder it sang while it beckoned

With fingers so pliant and white.

Be strong, O my heart, in this tumult,

Hark not to that voice so shrill, —

The song of the white-breasted sparrow

That whistles so loud on the hill ;

“ Time flies so wearily, wearily, wearily.”

Deep thundered the water beneath me,

Loud chanted the bird on the hill,

One moment, — I cannot resist it, —

My heart in its terror stood still,

While the restless impetuous current

Curled temptingly near to my feet,

And there rushed through my feverish being

The thought that to rest must be sweet.

O Lord, be merciful, merciful, merciful !

Look up, O my soul, to the mountain,  
To that spotless and spirit-like cloud ;  
Grow strong in their beautiful calmness,  
Though the stream at thy side shout so loud ;  
Ask not that thy heart become silent,  
Nor ask that life's tumult may cease,  
But lift up thine eyes to the mountain  
Whence cometh God's infinite peace.  
So life grows beautiful, beautiful, beautiful.

*Lola Lammot Iddings.*



## LIV.

## FAILURE.



IS sad to fail. If bird have built its  
nest  
On twigs too slender to sustain the  
weight  
'T will mourn, on seeing its unhappy fate  
When some strong wind has torn it from its  
rest.  
The rose whose early buds an ugly pest  
Has blighted, deems the summer all too late  
To strive again. The moth whose change  
— by fate —  
Reveals but crumpled wings and ragged crest  
Has naught to hope. The bird may build  
again  
Made wiser by mistake ; the roses bloom  
But sweeter for the early loss. Alas !  
The *moth* can live but once. Ah, not in vain  
Is failure in a life. But what the doom  
Of lives that fail ? Will any answer pass ?

## LV.



LOVE is a river that would flow  
Forever calm and bright ;  
Dashed into spray, its misty tears  
Are rainbowed into light.

Love is a jewel flashing forth  
The brightness of the sun ;  
Crushed, and a thousand glories shine  
Where there has been but one.

Love is a never-ending song,  
Taught to the soul at birth,  
That it might sing of heavenly things  
While waiting on the earth.





## LVI.

## SERENADE.



HIGH on the balcony,  
See, she is kneeling,  
While the faint mists of night  
Round her are stealing.  
Lake-lily, fold away  
All your robes white,  
She is more fair than you —  
Queen of the night.

See how the tiny waves  
Bow low before her ;  
See how the winds of night  
Come to adore her.  
Moon, draw your veil of clouds ;  
Stars, hide your light ;  
She can outshine you all —  
Queen of the night.

*Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.*

## LVII.

## THE SKY'S VALENTINE.



HE heavens bent low o'er the earth  
To whisper a word of love ;  
For the earth was lonely below,  
And the sky was longing above.  
Then the heavens called to the clouds,  
And bade them the message take  
To the dear old waiting world,  
When the morning gray should break.  
"Go rest on the heart of the earth,  
And say, thou art ever mine."  
And the snowflakes that softly fell  
Were the fond sky's Valentine.

*Alice Crawford Brown.*



## LVIII.

## TO A LADY.



YOU will not be my friend. — I know  
this truth,  
And my whole soul is sick with  
grief and pain,  
For you have never understood, dear heart,  
And my sweet hopes and prayers are all in  
vain.

You will not be my friend. — Yet I give you  
My love and reverence for pure womanhood  
Unsought and freely, and I ask of you  
No grace save leave to love you as I would.

You will not be my friend. — But knowing you  
Gives me a glimpse of an unwonted height,  
And shows the path of purer, nobler life ;  
I thank you from my heart, Priestess of  
Light !

## LIX.



WHY is it thus in our world, I wonder,  
 Thus in our world of if's and yet's,  
 That whenever love's passing two  
     hearts has wakened  
 One remembers but one forgets?

Why is it thus in our world, I wonder,  
 Thus in our world of cares and frets,  
 That whenever the jarring two hearts has  
     sundered  
 One remembers while one forgets?

. . . . .  
 What does it matter to me, you wonder,  
 The why's and wherefore's of pain? And yet  
 You will scarcely pause to waste time in the  
     wond'ring,  
 For I remember while you forget.

*Emelyn Battersby Hartridge.*

LX.

SONNET FROM THE DEAD.



GAIN thou waitest, sweetheart, on  
the stair,  
One hand against the carved oak  
balustrade,

The other with its guarding finger laid  
In playful warning on thy lips most fair,  
To mind me that I keep with jealous care  
The word thou gavest me, which straightway  
made

A tie of sweetest import 'twixt my staid  
Unlovely self and thee. Thy dusky hair,  
Touched by a gleam from mullioned window  
high,

Is halvèd softly round that tranquil brow  
Of white, until thou seemest a very saint  
Indeed, whose garment-hem I may not taint  
With careless breath. — The secret, sweet-  
heart, now

That I am dead, is ours till by and by.

*Jenette Barbour Perry.*

## LXI.

## TO A PICTURE—"MEMORY."



WITH hands behind her head, and up-  
turned face,  
Framed in by waving hair that glim-  
mers bright,  
As purest gold about an opal's light;  
With eyes that gaze afar, yet see no trace  
Of outspread future, but the crowded space  
Of sweet and bitter past; deep eyes that light  
With smiles and sadden all at once,— as Night  
Is full of clouds and all the moon's fair grace,—  
With lips that curved in happiness, yet seem  
So sad withal we could but weep, were she  
Less fair, as thus she stands. And all supreme  
Our own sweet crowded years roll silently  
Before our eyes, and we, too, pause to dream,  
Bound by the magic spell of Memory.

*Leonora Howe.*

LXII.

ON BODENHAUSEN'S PICTURE

"THE MADONNA AND CHILD."



HE fair young mother, standing,  
clasps her child,  
Fast, close in warm embrace, as if  
she feared

Some stranger's hand would wrest him from  
her arms,

Some sudden harm befall the sacred child  
Entrusted to her care. Her wondering eyes  
Dilate with brooding o'er the mysteries  
She cannot understand, and deepen with  
A wistful sadness and a fearful love.

The girlish mouth is tremulous and soft,  
And piteous almost in its tenderness  
Of love for the blessed child, still only hers.  
A human mother holds within her arms  
The child Divine, the Hope of all the world,  
The Bringer of glad tidings and great joy.  
The giver of the new commandment — love.  
As yet He only loves his mother, there,

And gazes quietly on her dear face.  
The purest sunlight streaming o'er the pair  
Sheds the Divine approval on the Babe,  
Restores, a space, the glory which was his.  
But clouds are gathering, darkening, deepening,  
And far upon yon hill in blackest gloom,  
There stands a cross.

The mother sees it not,  
But still her sadness presages the truth ;  
And still the Babe in loveliness serene  
Smiles calmly up into his mother's face.

*Bessie Hazelton Haight.*





LXIII.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.



ONE star from all eternity has hung,  
The porch-light of God's house, to  
be a guide  
To weary angels, speeding to his side  
From ministry on earth : and shines among  
The lesser lights with glory that has sprung  
From nearness to his presence, and the wide  
White gates of Heaven, where the hosts  
abide  
Who chant his praise with undefilèd tongue.  
But once, when Wise Men journeyed from afar  
With gifts of gold and incense in their  
hands,  
God left the portals dark and sent his star  
To guide their footsteps over desert sands,  
To where, in stable, as the oxen are,  
A little child lay wrapped in swaddling  
bands.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*

## LXIV.

## GUIDO'S MADONNA.



BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord ! ”  
Shut in  
By midnight darkness, lo ! a maiden  
kneels :

From out far heaven, a white light softly  
steals  
To touch her face, that face unmarred by sin.

“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ” Within  
Her eyes are deeps of holy calm.

No warning din  
Of coming troubles breaks the hush of night.  
She only knows the Lord of Hosts hath said  
The Lord hath bowed Him to her low  
estate.

Though darkness dim her eye, in Him is light.  
Upon her head his blessing hand is laid ;  
Enough for her to trust in Him and wait.

*Grace Emeline Palmer.*

## LXV.

## THE POET.



SINCE the old world was young, and  
Homer's song  
Filled the dim ages with the sweep  
and blow

Of poetry, men have not ceased to know  
The power divine that makes the poet strong  
To conquer the world's might of sin and  
wrong:

Still women weep, and strong men's voices  
grow

Full of a feeling they are loth to show,  
When some great poet stirs the listening  
throng.

We drag our way along life's crowded street,  
On every side the old, unlovely things ;  
The pulse of life beats on at fever heat,  
The hot, close city air around us clings,  
When lo, we stop to rest our weary feet,  
For by the way a poet stands and sings.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*

## LXVI.

CHAUCER.



MAN in whom was not the power to  
hate;  
Whose gentle charity was glad to  
find  
Some sweet redeeming grace in all his kind;  
Whose strong, far-reaching sympathies both  
great  
And small encompassed, high and low estate.  
A gracious spirit that could stoop to bless  
The daisy for its simple loveliness, —  
Queen in his daintiest poesy enshrined;  
Fair type to him of truth and purity,  
Of faith and love and meek humility.  
A heart that pitied where it could not love,  
That every human joy and grief could move.  
A soul attuned to nature's sweetest strain,  
In whose far depths it lived and sang again.

LXVII.

## SONNETS.

I.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892.



LAUREATE poet, who hast ever  
stood  
For all things pure and true while  
other men

Wander and stumble over moor and fen  
Of unbelief, O Merlin thou, who could  
But yesterday sing of the "gude greene  
woode,"

And bring us all its breezy freshness when,  
With thee, we dreamed the world was young  
again,

And strayed with Marian and Robin Hood, —  
Yesterday ours thy singing. Fainter now  
And far, its echo falls upon our ears.  
O mystery of death! we wait and bow  
Our heads to catch the song earth never hears;  
We have but little space of silence; thou,  
The eternal music of eternal years.

## II.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

1824-1892.

So empty now, and but a little while  
Ago his very self. O Easy Chair,  
We pause in wonder finding him not there,  
Where only yesterday his kindly smile  
Made all men welcome. Surely but a mile  
Or so he wanders. See, the autumn air  
Flutters the papers on his table where  
He left, a moment, the unfinished pile.  
Unfinished ! O poor halting word of doubt  
To which the heart of man forever cleaves !  
Not in the vacant study, but without,  
Learn the completeness which all life achieves :  
The hills are red with sunset ; round about  
The flame of autumn burns along the leaves.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*

LXVIII.



WHITE light fell on the waters blue,  
The waves forgot to curl,  
They stretched straight over their  
boundary line,  
Drawn up toward the gates of pearl.

The gates bent down, the white light blent  
Earth, heaven, sea, and sky,  
The crowd was still, with a half-felt awe —  
God's shadow passèd by !

That pale light shed on each watcher's face  
Its glory yet to be,  
Each man looked up at the woman he loved.  
But the women looked out to sea.

Then the sun shone out. Though the people  
turned  
Each one his chosen way,  
Still all had been, for a moment's space,  
A part of the Sabbath that day !

## LXIX.

## MASQUERADE.



TWO souls masked under faces met  
one day ;  
Beneath the masks each saw the  
other's eyes.

Together from the dancing throng away  
They drew, with strange, new joy and sweet  
surprise.

Then, filled with longing vague and swift  
unrest —

“ Unmask ! Show me thy very self ! ” —  
said one.

The other wept : “ Alas, the bitter jest !

Thou knowst I may not till the dance is  
done.”

*Katharine Warren.*



LXX.

RONDEL.



PRISONERS under Time's stern, sad  
 leading,  
 The old days journey beyond our  
 sight,  
 The happy days, when the sun was bright,  
 Cannot stay, though our hearts are pleading.  
 With aching feet that are cut and bleeding  
 The sad days pass in the fading light.  
 Prisoners under Time's stern, sad leading,  
 The old days journey beyond our sight,  
 Never to come though our hearts are needing  
 Their hands to lead us to truth and right.  
 In vain we call through the falling night ;  
 Prisoners under Time's stern, sad leading,  
 The old days journey beyond our sight.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams.*









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